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Stumping Trump



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Your legs were pumping...

You were so focused, that the world seemed to fade away as you shot forward. Left, right, left, right, you just kept running, as quickly as you could. You knew that they were following you, you saw the sparking blue stun batons wrapped between their fingers, the riot control guns strapped to their backs.

They, were the T.C.C.F, or the Trump Citizen Control Force. A highly specialized and trained riot control task force created by our dictator to weed out anyone that hasn't been broken yet. People like you, the ones that wouldn't submit to his tyranny, the ones who still valued their freedom.

Three months ago, Donald Trump became president of the U.S. He quickly conquered the world, only taking just over two weeks. First Canada fell, then Russia, then the U.K, then China. The entire world fell in a matter of weeks under his rule. They're calling him things like invincible, unbeatable, a god even. However, you knew the truth. You knew how to defeat him. It was all in the drive that you just stole the drive that you clutched so tightly in your hands as

you ran away from the T.C.C.F.

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It was time to stump Donald Trump.

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Chapter 2 by Jake Drakman



Running in loose baggy cargo shorts you keep running, across the barren wasteland of once called America. On the edge of dehydration and hunger you run. Run till your legs feel like nothing but something a child would control with his remote. You see a silent forest, nothing in it but dead trees, you think for a moment-about what life was like before this dystopia but it's been too long. The T.C.C.F shouting and ready to strike right on your tail but suddenly you trip and fall...

Falling into an abyss you finally land. With a big thud. Sounding like metal you get up, a sharp pain went up your right leg. Limping around, searching for answers, a well built man with a combat vest and an m4 helps you up and brings you to a room that looked like it was there for medical reasons.

"What is this place?" You ask in a shocking demanding tone.

"This is what we call Camp Malignine." The man from before said

"My name is Cpt. Stone, and your's?"

Chapter 3 by Brock Thompson



You stand up straight look him in the eye. "James Atticus Finch."

Cpt. Stone gasps and kneels before you. "Sir, I am sorry. I didn't know," he says.

While you are not an official member of the resistance, you are the most effective and aggressive agent against the reign of Trump. Anyone who does not agree with the ways of their dictator looks to you as an elite leader.

"It is alright, few know my face," you say.

Chapter 4 by the man in a chicken suit on a pogo stick on fire doing backflips over the grand canyon



Then the nukes came and everyone was killed.

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